

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED : IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 57.—No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,
March 22, at Three o'clock. The programme will include:
Symphony, No. 2, in D ... (Repeated by desire). ... Brahms,
Concerto for violin and orchestra ... Beethoven,
Scena from *Dalila* ... Saint-Saëns.
Nocturne for solo violin and orchestra ... Joachim.
Overture, *Musaniello* ... Auber.
(N.B.—The Symphony will be taken first).

Vocalists—Miss Helena Arnim, Mr Edward Lloyd. Solo Violin—Herr Dr Joseph Joachim. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s. Admission to concert-room, 6d.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her Annual Grand MATINÉE-MUSICALE will take place at 59, LOWDNE'S SQUARE, Belgrave (by kind permission, and under distinguished patronage), on SATURDAY, April 5th, at Three o'clock; assisted by Mdme Liebhart, Miss Leslie, Mdme Sarrys, Miss Jeanne Rosse, Mr Gerard Coventry, and Signor Vergara. Violin—Herr Ludwig; Violoncello—Herr Daubert; Pianoforte—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Balfe's Trio in A major (Andante con variazione, and Finale Presto), by Miss Lillie Albrecht and Herr Ludwig. The Piano Solos will consist of Prelude and Fugue in B minor, Op. 35 (Mendelssohn); Fantaisie Masianniello (by special desire) (Thalberg); Caprice élégant in F minor (Lillie Albrecht); Berceuse in D flat (Chopin); and Marche Militaire, "Honneur et Gloire," as performed by the band of the Royal Horse Guards (Lillie Albrecht). Conductors—Herr W. GANZ and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or One Guinea (to admit three). Programmes to be had only of Mdme and Miss L. ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

DUDLEY HOUSE, PARK LANE.

(By permission of the Earl of DUDLEY).

MRS LAMBORN COCK (Miss ELICE JEWELL) has the honour to announce that she will give an AFTERNOON CONCERT on THURSDAY, April 3, 1879, commencing at Three o'clock, when she will be kindly assisted by the following artists: Vocalists—Miss Robertson, Miss Fanny Robertson, Miss Mary Davies, Mdme Rebecca Jewell, Miss Marion Severn; Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr R. George, R.A.M., and Mr Santley. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mrs Lamborn Cock and Mrs Meadow White; Harp—Mr John Thomas; Clarinet—Mr Lazarus; Violoncello—Signor Piatti. At the Pianoforte—Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Ciro Pisanti, and Signor Randegger. Tickets, One Guinea each. To be had of Mrs LAMBORN COCK, II, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill; of Mr Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; and of all the principal Musicians.

"PEACEFULLY SLUMBER."

MDME REBECCA JEWELL will sing RANDEGGER'S admired Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER" (Violoncello, Signor Piatti) at Mrs Lamborn Cock's Grand Concert at Dudley House (by kind permission of Earl DUDLEY) on Thursday morning, April 3.

SONG composed by H.R.H. Prince LEOPOLD, "DIR ALLEIN," with English words, will be sung (by permission) by Mr W. H. CUMMINGS, at Mrs Lamborn Cock's Afternoon Concert, at Dudley House, Park Lane, on April 3.—Lamborn Cock, Messrs Hutchings & Romer's, 6, Conduit Street.—Just published. Price 4s.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—MR SYDNEY SMITH begs to announce his PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Eighth Season), on WEDNESDAY Afternoon next, March 26th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mrs Ogood and Mdme Antoinette Sterling. Accompanist—Mr W. Ganz. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Mr SYDNEY SMITH, 45, Blandford Square; usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

MR GEORGE GEAR'S CONCERT, ST GEORGE'S HALL, TUESDAY next, March 25, at Three o'clock. Mdme E. Wynne, Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke, and Mr Barton McGuckin. Violin—Sig. Erba; Violoncello—M. Albert; Harp—Herr Oberthür; Pianoforte—Mr George Gear. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 3s., at St George's Hall; and of Mr GEORGE GRAE, 66, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR GEORGE GEAR will perform CHOPIN'S POLONAISE in A flat; MENDELSSOHN'S SONATA in D, for Pianoforte and Violoncello (with M. Albert), and his own SONATA in G, for Pianoforte Solo, at St George's Hall, Tuesday next, March 25.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Three o'clock. Director—Mr JOHN BOOSEY. Thirteenth Year.—LAST BALLAD CONCERT BUT ONE. The programme will include the following popular ballads:—"Cease your fuming" and "By the margin of fair Zurich's waters" (Mdme Sherrington); "Barbara Allan" (Miss Mary Davies); "The oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree" (Miss Damian); "The Three Ravens" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling); "The Bay of Biscay" (Mr Sims Reeves); "Ones I loved a maiden fair" and "Bleak was the morn" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "On the banks of Allan Water" and "Drink to me only" (Mr Barton McGuckin); "The Friar of Orders Grey" and "The Leather Bottled" (Mr Santley); "The brave old oak" and "Down among the dead men" (Mr Maybrick); "Mad Tom" (Mr Alfred Moore). Mdme Arabella Goddard will perform Benedict's "Where the bee sucks" and Heller's "On Song's bright pinions." The programme will also include "Twickenham Ferry," "The Match Girl," "The Better Land," "The Song of the Shirt," "My Palace," "Hans Sachs," "O, 'tis a glorious sight," "Strangers Yet," &c. Glees by the London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had at the Hall; the usual Agents; and at Boosey & Co.'s Ballad Concert Office, 295, Regent Street.

VERY TAKING PIANOFORTE DUETS.

Fragment de Mendelssohn.	Grand March in Scipio (Smallwood).
(Gaspari).	4s.
La Baladeen (Lyberg).	6s.
Titania, Valse de Concert (B. Richards).	Der Lustige Bauer (West).
4s.	4s.
	Overture, Clemenza (West).
	Overture, Figaro (West).

Post free half-price in stamps.

A NOVELTY.—UN SOUVENIR DE BEETHOVEN, pour PIANO.—Just published, 3s.; post free, 1s stamp. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, and of all Musicellers.

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"THE PANGS OF LEAVING THEE" (Alary), and "L'ULTIMO PENSIERO" (Mariani).

MR ERNEST WADMORE, R.A.M. (Baritone) will sing, on the 8th April, at Langham Hall, JULES ALARY'S Romance, "THE PANGS OF LEAVING THEE," and F. MARIANI'S Arias, "L'ULTIMO PENSIERO" (by desire).

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR SHAKESPEARE will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Brighton, March 27th; St James's Hall, April 1st and April 4th.

"VIENI LA BARCA È PRONTA."

THE MISSES ALLITSEN will sing (accompanied by the Composer) GOLDBERG'S admired Duet, "VIENI LA BARCA È PRONTA," at Signor Paggi's Concert, Langham Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 1.

MR LOUIS ENGEL has the honour to announce that he has returned to London, after several years' absence, and that he will be happy to receive Pupils for the Harmonium, and ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts and Parties. Address—MESSRS CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL CONCERTS, St JAMES'S HALL,
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Herr HERMANN FRANKE.

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performers.

UNDER the PATRONAGE of H.R.H. Prince LEOPOLD,
H.S.H. the Duke of TECK, His Excellency Count KAROLYI.

ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL CONCERTS.—Full particulars, giving names of artists and programmes, will be issued in the course of March. Subscription tickets are now ready, and may be had of Mr Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs Stanley Lucas & Weber, 84, New Bond Street; at the usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—Professors and Examiners:—Signori Tito Mattei, Enrico Mattei, Monari Rocca; Herren Lutgen and Jacobi; Messrs Albert, Boumann, Amand Castagnier, Tourneur, and J. Riviere; Messrs H. C. Cooper, F. Chatterton, T. Lawrence, J. Hutchins, T. E. Maun, T. Harper, Bernhardt, and Lansdowne Cottell. The fee for residents is 21 guineas per term, inclusive of full board and a first-class railway season ticket; Opera admission, &c. Students can enter any time. Programmes and prospectuses post free.—C. RAY, Sec., Langham Hall, W.

NOTICE of REMOVAL.—LAMBORN COCK, after 35 years residence at 63, New Bond Street, begs to announce that circumstances have compelled him to REMOVE from the above address, and that he will carry on his business temporarily, by kind permission, at Messrs HUTCHINGS & ROMER'S, 9, CONDUIT STREET, Regent Street, where he solicits a continuation of the favours so largely bestowed upon him. All communications to be made to him at the above address.

A SHOP and PARLOUR to LET, suitable for an Office or Agency. Apply, by letter, to "W.", 19, Frederick Street, Hampstead Road, N.W.

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FOR SALE (price £10), AUTOGRAPH MUSIC of LEONARD SCHULTZ (the well-known GUITARIST), consisting of 300 Accompaniments to popular Songs, and two Books of Exercises of 40 pp. each (copyright and unpublished). Address "S.", British Museum.

"ALICE."

MISS NINA BRUNEL will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," STERNDALE BENNETT'S admired "RONDO PIACEVOLLE," and TITO MATTEI'S "HARVEST MOON," at Langham Hall, April 8th.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MRS JOHN CHESHIRE will play ASCHER'S popular FANTASIA on the celebrated Romance, "Alice, where art thou?" at Tunbridge Wells, March 22nd.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MISS ANNIE BIRBECK will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," founded on the Transcription of his famous song, "Alice, where art thou?" on the 24th March, at Langham Hall.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S famous Song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Bow and Bromley Institute, on Saturday evening, March 29.

MISS PURDY, having terminated her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, all communications relative to public or private Concerts, Oratorios, &c., should be addressed to her residence, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

MR and M^DME EDWYN FRITH (Basso and Contralto), of the Royal Albert Hall and St James's Hall Concerts, request communications concerning Oatorium, Ballad Concerts, &c., to be addressed care of N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.—Glasgow Sol-fa Society, April 3; and Arbroath, April 4 (*Samson*); &c. Terms moderate. Also pupils.

ALICE.

FANTASIA FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO,

ON ASCHER'S POPULAR ROMANCE,

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

BY STANISLAUS ELLIOT.

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NEW SERIES.—No. 8.]

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.

The Theatre:

A MONTHLY REVIEW AND MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1, 1879.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

1. **THE WATCH-TOWER**: "The Grievances of the Dramatists;" "New and 'Original' Plays;" "The Drury Lane Disaster."
2. **PORTRAIT OF MISS WALLIS.**
3. **THE ROUND TABLE**: "The Influence of Society upon the Stage," by Frank A. Marshall; "The Magistrates and the Music-hall," by Charles Dickens; "Early Life of Colley Cibber," by Lady Lamb; "Rienzi," by Henry Hersche; "The Censorship of Plays," by Sydney Grundy; "Harlequin in *extremis*," by J. D. Anderson; "Actors' Salaries," by John Hollingshead.
4. **PORTRAIT OF MISS WARNER.**
5. **FEUILLETON**: "Under the Shadow of St Pierre," by Joseph Hatton; part I.
6. **NOTES *en passant*.**
7. **The Drama in London, the Provinces, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Italian Cities, Madrid, and New York.**
8. **Echoes from the Green-room.**
9. **LITERATURE**: "Another Tragedy by Shakspere," &c.

London: WYMAN & SONS, 81, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE FANTASY WALTZES. For the Pianoforte. By HARRY CROFT HILLER. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day.

HONNEUR ET GLOIRE.

(Dedicated to CHARLES GODFREY, Esq.)

MARCHE MILITAIRE.

(As performed by the Band of the ROYAL HORSE GUARDS).

Composed and arranged for the Pianoforte

BY LILLIE ALBRECHT.

Price 4s.

London: CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent Street, W.

THE LAST KISS.

PUBLISHED This Day, "THE LAST KISS." Ballad. Words by ALFRED LEMON. Music by PEARSON BRIDGEFORD. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

THE DEAD MARCH in HANDEL'S Oratorio, "SAUL." Transcribed for the Pianoforte by RICHARD HOFFMAN. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TRIO

(IN A MAJOR).

FOR PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN, AND VIOLONCELLO.

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PRINCESS AND PAGE. Romanza. For the Pianoforte. By FERDINAND LUDWIG. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"One of the most graceful pieces for the pianoforte that has been issued by the musical press."

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DEDICATED TO THE COUNTESS OF CHARLEMONT. THE SEASONS OF LIFE. Song. The Words by R. H. M. JACKMAN. The Music by MARION BEARD. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

RATAPLAN. Song. The Words by R. HENRY. The Music by ISIDORE DE LARA. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MODEL PANTOMIME CRITICISM.*



What do you think, little folk, is the subject of the Covent Garden pantomime this year? You cannot think, there are so many subjects in nursery lore! Well, happily, there are, but make a guess when we tell you that the hero's name is Jack, and

"If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try, try again."

"Is it Jack the Giant Killer?" No. "Is it Jack who tumbled down the hill somewhat in advance of Jill?" No; wrong again. "Is it Jack the builder of the famous house?" No; try once more. "Well, then, it must be Jack and the Beanstalk." Right at last; you have reached the truth by what you will some day or other learn to call the exhaustive process, and are you not satisfied? Of course you are, since there is no hero in all the "children's kingdom," more dearly loved than he of the Beanstalk. Just recall the sensations—they are not so very old—with which you first read the thrilling story of his deeds. How sorry you were for the poor old mother, who, like Mother Hubbard, went to the cupboard, "but when she got there the cupboard was bare," and neither she nor her son, to say nothing of her dog, had a bone to pick! Ah! but you were more sorry, and perhaps dropped a tear—don't be ashamed of it—on the book when the poor widow sent away her one cherished cow to be sold for bread. Then how you wondered when Jack came back with nothing but beans, and how your curiosity went up on tip-toe, as in the night, the magic stalk rose to lose itself in the clouds! With bated breath and beating heart you followed the adventurous climber Jack, shuddered at his perils, marvelled at his courage, almost heard the thud of the giant's body as it came tumbling to earth, and rejoiced at the good fortune that rewarded the young explorer. More than this, you boys envied his luck, and mentally resolved that should ever a cloud kissing beanstalk come in the way you would swarm up it, contemptuous of giants, and win a like renown. Well, all this is set forth at Covent Garden in the pantomime called "Jack and the Beanstalk; or, Harlequin and the Seven Champions as we've Christened 'em." What do you say? "Bother the Seven Champions!" There is no need; for Mr Frank W. Green, who has written the pantomime, knew much better than to spoil a simple story by making it a compound one. The Seven Champions don't interfere at all with the course of the legend, and the fact should teach you to avoid hasty judgments. Let us tell you further that a good many clever people besides Mr Green have put their heads together to make up this pantomime. M. Marlois has written and adapted a lot of excellent music. Mr Julian Hicks and his assistants have painted splendid scenery, and a "transformation" that you cannot look at without blinking. Mr Alfred Thompson has designed dresses for the pleasure of wearing which, the performers might reduce their terms. Mr Charles Harris has devoted to the production of the whole piece no ordinary ability; and the lessees, Messrs. Gatti, have supplied with liberal hand everything required for a magnificent spectacle. Would you like to see it, young friends? Then let us—for at Christmas time wonderful things are done—put back the clock some hours and go in company to the Boxing Night performance.

There is a bustle in the neighbourhood of the stately theatre. Cabs and carriages are driving up to the doors and discharging loads of boys and girls like yourselves; humbler but equally happy visitors are trudging through the slushy streets, and even the oldest face among them seems to be lit up with the animation of a long-past youth. We note these things, and hurry to our places, catching in the corridor the opening notes of Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*. But this is only a merry trick of Marlois. Bless you! he has no intention to be heavily classical; for see, the orchestra has wandered on board "H.M.S. Pinafore," and the ophicleide is strenuously declaring that it never—well, hardly ever—blows a

"big, big D," which assertion is—you know what. But there is no time to be virtuously indignant with that mendacious piece of brass. The band plunges into more popular melodies, and now from the Olympian heights descend the "most sweet voices" of the dwellers in that region, till the whole theatre rings with sound. At last the curtain rises, and we know at once that this is to be an old-fashioned pantomime, and that somebody or something supernatural will determine its subject with an innocent old-fashioned make-believe of being in doubt till the moment of decision. The task devolves upon a tricky spirit, Quicksilver (Miss Lizzie Coote), who, entering the home of Father Time, Junr. (Mr G. Vokes), shows on the face of his clock a series of nursery *tableaux*. Charmingly are the scenes represented. Blue Beard, Red Riding Hood, Puss-in-Boots, Cinderella, with many others, successively appear, till the group is completed by the exhibition of Jack going up his beanstalk at the dizzy height of the figure twelve. We applaud our chosen hero, and settle down for the story.

The farmstead of Jack's mother, Widow Simpson (Mr Herbert Campbell), starts us fairly on our course, and here we make the acquaintance of that lady, her son Jack (Miss Fannie Leslie), her page Thomas (Mr Macdermott), her cow, the mildest of quadrupeds, and her dog Punch (Master Lauri), the most mischievous. Fine games they have, until it seems that the "impecuniosity" about which the bipeds sing such a lugubrious comic trio is rather favourable than otherwise to elevation of spirits. But fun and frolic wont pay the tradesmen who present their little bills. The cow has to be sold, and when Jack and Thomas drive her off, the widow bids them hasten, singing, "We haven't got a bite nor a blessed drop to drink. We're certain sure to starve without the chink, chink, chink." Thus urged, the lads soon return with a capful of beans. Over what follows let us pass quickly, because the sight of parental chastisement must excite in the mind of properly-trained youth unpleasant ideas as to the depths to which youth less favoured can descend. Enough that the operation is excessively vigorous and lasts till bedtime. When night falls, lo! a miracle. By Quicksilver's powers the beanstalk rises, glowing with fitful and mysterious lights. Higher and higher it ascends, and Jack, looking out of the window, sees it. So does the Widow, so does Thomas, and so does Punch, all of whom share our hero's desire to climb. So, packing a carpet-bag, up go the whole family, the farmyard sinks out of sight, and in a trice we reach with them the "Home of the Lily of the Valley." What a pretty scene! Lilies everywhere. All around and overhead they cluster in thousands, while the fairies who soon appear, are bedight with the pretty flowers, set off against the amber satin of their rich dresses, and relieved by the greenest of green leaves. After Jack has heard from the Fairy Queen of the terrible giant, Fee-fi-fou-fum (Mr Granger), and the Princess Pansie (Miss Clara Jocks), his captive, a ballet takes place that will bear compression with advantage, the more because all you young people are eager to reach the Giant's Castle. Thither we go at length, and find it a grim and terrible place to behold. Everything is Brobdingnagian. The housemaid who answers the gate stands twelve feet at least in her stockings, while the Life Guardsman for whom an equally big nurse neglects the Giant's children—size to match—is a head and shoulders taller. But, nothing daunted, our adventurous family indulge in "high jinks" before the very portals, and at last creep one after another through the keyhole. Jack soon reappears with the rescued Princess, and after more lively business the whole party set out for the Court of King Pippin (Mr George), the Princess's Royal father. The next scene reveals the halls of dazzling light in that monarch's palace. Columns and arches of gold and crimson stretch in far perspective. There are golden galleries and marble steps, and all that you children ever dreamed of imperial magnificence. But this is only the shell. The kernel is the "Triumphal Procession in Honour of Jack, and Fête of the Seven Champions." The noble stage we are looking upon has been the scene of many brilliant spectacles, but hardly one so brilliant as this. In seemingly interminable procession, to strains culled from the pageant music of Gounod, Meyerbeer, and Wagner, the officers and nobles of King Pippin enter, followed by the Seven Champions, each attended in state, their chariots drawn by lions, tigers, and leopards. Armour of silver and gold flashed in the rays of the electric light, dresses of quaint design, bold and beautiful in their arrangement of hues, pass before the bewildered eye, and, finally, the whole immense scene is a blaze of varied colour. Let us applaud, like the rest of the audience, not only Mr Harris, who steps forward in acknowledgement, but also Mr Alfred Thompson, who has here wrought his masterpiece. We would fain regale our eyes upon the spectacle longer; but the story must progress, and we go with it. The Seven Champions each resolve to gain the hand of the Princess by slaying the Giant; but each reckons without our hero, who has a mind that way himself, nor are we in doubt as to the winner of the

* Delayed in transmission.

prize, when Quicksilver, revealing that the Giant means to descend to earth by the beanstalk, presents Jack with an axe. You boys would, of course, like to witness the downfall of Fee-fi-fo-fum, but that may not be. The catastrophe happens unseen, and we are only permitted to look on the body as it lies "extended many a rood." Truly, a mighty giant, whose impact must have shaken earth to its centre, and one whose death the villagers (now represented by children) might well celebrate rejoicingly. With old-time dance and song the miniature people welcome a miniature Jack mounted on a miniature pony, and clad, like another Lohengrin, in shining silver. The little hero (Miss Kate Barry) sings, to the strains of the Habanera and Toreador's song from *Carmen*, the victory he has achieved, and then, with his little princess and his pony, mounts upon the Giant's breast to be the centre of as pretty a tableau as youthful heart could wish. The story now hastens to its end. Jack is knighted by King Pippin, and receives the hand of the Princess, and the comic characters fill up the time with song and dance till all is ready for the change which shall condemn them to the further humours of the Harlequinade. The transformation presents no anti-climax, as every reasonable child will gratefully allow. But how to describe it! There's the rub. Were we to talk long of "sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls," or become rapturous to the strain of Tennyson's "garden of girls," we should do the dazzling picture but little justice. It is far easier to applaud; so let us applaud, and that most zealously, when the artist whose fancy has conjured all up comes forward to receive a just reward. Now the "unsubstantial pageant" fades, and columbine (Miss Phillips), harlequin (Miss King), clown (Mr Harry Payne), harlequin (Mr E. Vokes), and pantaloons (Mr Tully Lewis), enter upon their bustling task. Beyond saying that they discharge it admirably, we had better not go. Most of you, boys and girls, will see the harlequinade, not in imagination, but in reality, and your pleasure must not be marred by taking away the element of surprise. We keep silence, therefore, as to the enormities of Mr Clown in a West-end street, on Epsom-downs, and about the City. Enough that he "carries on" terribly, and, in the words of Mr Samuel Weller, "keeps the pot a' bilin'" till the curtain falls.

Covent Garden pantomime is as to scenic effects magnificent, as to dialogue not tedious, as to stage business full of life and "go;" the artists play with spirit, the topical songs of Messrs. Campbell and Macdermott are received with shouts of laughter, and even amid the difficulties of a first representation the performance had hardly a dull moment.—D. T.

—o—

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The anniversary festival of this society, held on the 18th inst., at Willis's Rooms, was highly successful, both socially and financially. The visitor accustomed to attend these annual meetings could not fail to recognize the healthy, vigorous life that now pervades the management, and argue from the fact that other more important, though silently performed duties, are benefited also by the invigorating current. Although the members of the committee, doubtless, are active in their allotted official spheres, yet they show wisdom in leaving festival matters chiefly in the hands of Mr W. H. Cummings and Mr Stanley Lucas, their honorary treasurer and secretary, who, without fuss of any sort, settle the order of the entertainment—unravelling the entangled human threads of the reception room, fixing precedence, and allotting each his place at the tables so as to avoid fret or grievance. So admirably were these services done last Tuesday that each person must have thought his taste and wishes had been specially consulted. On quitting the reception-room, where funeral influences prevailed, the assembly fell into order; and soon the hum of conversation and buzz of subdued hilarity told plainly that good fellowship was working hand in hand with creature-comforts in a manner likely to benefit the funds of the society. After dinner is, perhaps, not a good time to ask a man to make his will, but it is the very best for begging favours.* Is, then, the inarticulate heavy breathing of repletion akin to the deep sigh of pity? Perhaps it is: both certainly emanate from the same region, for heart and stomach are very near neighbours. The Earl of Dunmore, who presided, was on his entrance received by the company with warm applause, which the sequel proved was worthily bestowed by virtue of the geniality and heartiness of his sayings and speeches during the evening. The noble lord secured, perhaps, still greater appreciation as a composer of music, for his violin solo, *Pastorale*, played by Mdme Terese Liebe, to whom it is dedicated, gave evidence of unusual ability. The chairman certainly showed more partiality for music than oratory; a feeling that was apparently

shared by gentlemen at the principal table, where the speakers are usually located. The orators were few and brief, an arrangement welcomed by the general company, although some musicians who spend every available minute day and night in the exercise of their art might have liked, for a change, to listen to speeches in preference; and it is not improbable that some gifted speaker, his countenance overcharged with thought, as a cloud heavy with rain, might have felt annoyance. Still, there cannot be a doubt that the musical programme was listened to with attention, and thoroughly enjoyed.

The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker, sang some excellent concerted pieces, commencing, of course, with "Non Nobis Domine," the grace habitually in use at these festivals, and in which on former occasions some of the company have been heard "helping" the choir in a manner that showed more good will than ability or memory; but in this instance they wisely refrained, and the singers, left alone, acquitted themselves admirably. The body of tone was sufficient in quantity, and excellent in quality; and the melodic lines of the "canon" were clearly defined, whilst the harmonies were firm and full. In the course of the evening the Union gave fine renderings of Horsley's madrigal, "Nymph of the Forest," Hatton's part-song, "The Sailor's Song," and Mendelssohn's "The Merry Wayfarers." The soloists were four ladies: a soprano, Mrs Osgood; contralto, Mdle Enriquez; pianist, Miss Madelena Cronin; and violinist, Mdme Terese Liebe. Tenor, barytone, and bass were all left out in the cold. How so?—are there none in Town? Do the committee think that the sobbing love-notes of the tenor, struggling for utterance through imprisoning mustachios, find no response in the hearts of the company? or that the barytone's trumpet sounds need not be blown? or that the bass, deeply labouring in the sea song to depict the howling of the wind, and fury of the storm, should not be heard? No, they cannot think so. It would be flat heresy against the balance of powers, and surely could not be entertained by a society of musicians. Without, however, enquiring further into the cause of this new departure from dinner-music programmes, it is but fair to say that the company fell into the arrangements with marvellous good will. Certainly the order of the pieces was cunningly contrived to secure sympathy and approbation. First came Mrs Osgood, to warble Spohr's delicious song, "Rose, softly blooming," with a purity of voice and tenderness of expression bewitching by simplicity. Then Mdme Terese Liebe stepped on the platform, with timid glance toward one of her audience, named Joachim, to give an excellent rendering of Vieuxtemps' "Reverie." After which Mdle Enriquez, in tones that had lost nothing of breadth and beauty in spite of an attack of cold, sang "A Fireside Song" by Wallace, in a manner to bring to the minds of the hearers the fancies, now sad, now gay, that visit the hearth when day is done. Mdme Liebe again appeared; this time to hold aloft the musical merits of the noble chairman before professors of the art, and to win for herself and theme great honour. Miss Madelena Cronin completed the quartet of fair artists by playing on the pianoforte one of Chopin's Nocturnes and Mendelssohn's Prelude in B flat. However successful the experiment proved it is desirable it should not be repeated, or, in the end, male artists will be driven into association for the defence of men's rights. It may also be stated that though our Turkish sympathies may be generous, it would be imprudent to copy the Eastern custom of accompanying feasts with exhibitions merely of feminine skill.

The concluding and most important ceremony of the evening was the reading of the treasurer's report, in which he had the happiness of announcing subscriptions amounting to more than £600. During the past year upwards of £3,000 were disbursed amongst claimants on the funds of the society; the principal portion of which sum was distributed amongst aged and incapacitated members, and to widows and orphans of those who had belonged to the institution. Although membership can alone give right of claim for relief, yet every application receives prompt attention, and is answered with liberality in accordance with the means at disposal. It is to be regretted that the funds are too small to do much good amongst the wide class of sufferers outside the bounds of the society; for the first duty imposed upon the committee is to look after their own people. The institution has an extensive sphere of action beyond its present limits. On the one side is far-stretching poverty and want; on the other, public generosity untouched. To interest the aristocratic and rich in behalf of the poor musician is a task worthy the energy and wisdom of the managing board. In bringing somewhat more closely together the two extreme classes, by exciting the sympathy of the prosperous, and thereby ensuring the gratitude of the helpless recipient, they will be assisting in resolving a problem which becomes more and more puzzling to statesmen, and perplexing to mankind.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

March 19th, 1879.

* *Eo nomine.*—D. Beard.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the "Times," March 15.)

Mr Gye's prospectus for the forthcoming season being already in print, a few particulars with reference to its contents may not prove unacceptable. How many amateurs date the beginning of the musical season from the first performance of Italian opera, or "opera in Italian," as for a lengthened period it has virtually become, need hardly be insisted on. Despite the changes and modifications which the progress of years has brought about, the majority of *bond fide* patrons of the opera, frequenters of stalls and boxes ("pit" is now but a name of the past), are still regarded by the uninitiated almost in the light of a special class; and this—in the face of what goes on outside, with the avowed object of promoting a genuine taste for the "divine art" in its loftiest manifestations—is likely for some time yet to remain a steadfast belief. The fact that "Italian opera," no matter under what phase represented, can only succeed in upholding its ancient position under the pretence of being a luxury furnished from abroad, is not sufficiently taken into account. Deprive it of this, however, and of its claim to appropriate to itself that part of the spring and summer season which makes London the temporary home of "fashion," and in all probability it would lose by degrees its exceptional character, and with that its hold upon the mind of an influential sect of the community. Meanwhile, notwithstanding certain drawbacks and innovations which can scarcely be looked upon as improvements, Italian opera still flourishes, and if conducted in the proper spirit of enterprise, may continue for another indefinite period to interest those who, amid all vicissitudes, cling to it with the tenacity so often, and not unnaturally, exhibited towards old-established institutions. The chief *desideratum* is that it should not be made too common. High prices exact a proportionate return, and to every special entertainment should be allotted its proper season.

Mr Gye's prospectus, like similar documents issued of recent years by his late father, so long sole director of the Covent Garden Opera, goes at once to the point, without unnecessary preamble in the shape of verbose eulogy of the repertory and its exponents. The members of the company are simply announced by name and allowed to speak for themselves. Those known to the public want no description, while new comers will have to appeal to a public verdict. This is as it should be. With regard to promised new works—"two at least," out of four mentioned, it is the intention of the management to produce—the same commendable reticence is maintained. Their titles, with the names of their composers, are published without comment. This is also as it should be. Glancing at a list of not fewer than 55 operas, always ready for performance when found expedient, it is curious to remark that more than half of them are adaptations from German or French sources. For instance, as against twenty-six that are Italian (five by Rossini, seven by Donizetti, three by Bellini, eight by Verdi, one by Ricci, one by Campana, and one by Cimarossi), we have twenty-six of foreign growth (six by Meyerbeer, three by Mozart, two by Flotow, four by Auber, two by Gounod, and one each by Beethoven, Gluck, Weber, Ambroise Thomas, Prince Poniatowski, Gomez, Nicolai, Victor Massé, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. It is, nevertheless, a rich and well-varied catalogue, which, doubtless, will be laid under frequent contribution in the course of the season. Passing on to the four operas announced as more or less probable additions to the repertory, some disappointment will be expressed that *Polyeucte*, M. Gounod's last dramatic composition (of which an analysis appeared some time ago in the *Times*) is not one of them. Of course we are in no position to know what difficulties may have stood in the way of Mr Gye's obtaining possession of it for his theatre, but the disappointment is a disappointment all the same. The operas actually named are M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, which has been unanimously lauded, not only in Paris, where it was produced very recently at the Grand Opera, but in other cities of the Continent, where it has been equally applauded and successful; *Les Amants de Véronne*, by the Marquis d'Ivry, also owing its baptism to Paris; *Suzanne* by M. Paladilhe, who is rapidly gaining vogue; and *Le Pré aux Clercs*,

"Swan Song" of Hérold, the musician to whom we are indebted for *Zampa*, originally brought out at the Opéra-Comique in the year 1832, and with the music of which we in England are not altogether unfamiliar. Which among these is actually to be heard at Covent Garden we are unable to guess; nor does the prospectus inform us how any one of the four is likely to be cast.

From the list of promised singers a name will be missed which, ever since 1872, has been looked forward to year after year with ever increasing interest. Mdme Albani, there is good cause to believe, will be unable to appear during the present season. The catalogue of "first ladies" known to our public, however, is strong at all points. At the head of the sopranos stands Mdme Adelina Patti, a host in herself. With her are associated Mdme Cepeda, the dramatic singer of the school of Tietjens, who made so highly favourable an impression last year in *Valentine*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and other tragic characters; the always welcome Mdille Zaré Thalberg, Mdille Alwina Valleria, who, for reasons unknown, has abandoned her old colours; Mdille Marie Heilbron, who since her last appearance in London, when she played the heroine of *La Traviata*, has made a reputation in various parts of the continent; the versatile and ready Mdme Smeroschi, and others needless to specify. Besides Mdme Scalchi, who still appears as chief of her department, Mdme Anna di Belocca, another favourite, is in the list of contraltos, further and materially strengthened by the addition of Mdille Rosine Bloch, who, at the Paris Grand Opera, enjoys high repute, although till now a stranger to our operatic audiences. Among the leading tenors are again found M. Capoul, Signors Gayarré, Bolis, and Nicolini; among the barytones Signors Graziani and Cotogni, M. Maurel and M. Lassalle; among the basses, M. Gailhard, Signors Ordinas, Ciampi, Capponi, &c. M. Gailhard is also from the great French lyric establishment, where his performances have been greatly extolled. Besides the foregoing there are in each category other singers unknown to us, among them being Mdille Pasqua, a contralto, about whom there has been considerable talk abroad, and Mdille Emma Turolla, said to be very young, prepossessing, and otherwise gifted. The other strangers, new aspirants, must be judged as they respectively come before the public. It should be added that Mdilles D'Angeri and Bianchi, both well known to and admired by opera-goers, "are also engaged, but their appearance is not guaranteed." From the above it may be gathered that a staff of vocalists has been secured equal to all the requirements of the season. But what, without Albani, many may ask, will become of Elsa and Elizabeth, Wagner's ideal heroines, with her impersonation of which, exacting as is the composer of the great *Tetralogy*, he expressed himself so highly pleased?

All else to be gathered from the prospectus is that the members of the orchestra, with Mr Carrodus as leader, will be for the most part the same as last year; that the conductors are again Signors Vianesi and Bevignani; that Mr Josiah Pittman is still the organist; that Signor Tagliafico resumes his position as stage manager; that the ballet, or "ballet-divertissement," leader Mr Betjemann, will be much the same as before; that the "scenic artists" are once more Messrs Dayes and Caney; and that the theatre will open on Tuesday, April 8—with what opera is not yet stated.

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MR STEPHEN MASSETT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

On Tuesday evening I and some friends had the pleasure of hearing Mr Stephen Massett give one of his amusing, varied, and clever entertainments at the Steinway Hall; and it is due to that gentleman to say that it is by no means an ordinary occurrence to find humorous, pathetic, and dramatic talent so powerfully combined. I sincerely hope that, after having drifted round the world, he will cast anchor here, and give us the pleasure of his company both in public and private. We cannot well part with one who has such wonderful power of manipulating the tastes of grave or gay, and of imparting so much pleasure both to young and old.—I am, Sir,
yours obediently,

L. R.

The Municipality of Rome have renewed for three years the grant to the Teatro Apollo.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

The examiners on 13th and 14th March for the degree of Mus. Doc. were Professor Macfarren, Herr Joachim, and Dr Stainer. The accepted candidates are : J. M. Bentley (Downing); S. Corbett (St John's); F. E. Gladstone (St John's); who received the degree on the 20th, when Mr. J. Pattinson (unattached) was admitted to that of Mus. Bac.

The next preliminary examination for Mus. Bac. will be on May 29 and 30, when candidates of more than 30 years of age will (for the last time) be exempt from a literary test. Candidates, of whatever age, must give notice to the Professor of Music of their intention to present themselves, at least a month before the date of examination.

[So now all our Bachelors in Music are to be Bachelors in Letters. Are all our Bachelors in Letters to be ditto in Music? Heaven forefend! "Your bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head." We agree with Hamlet. To write a symphony, first expound an elench. Oh Humanitarians! *Natio comedae est.*—D. P.]



Pills for Candidates.

Box III.

(Administered by Dr G. A. Macfarren.)

FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

1. Continue the following Canon for four in two at the 8th below. Make the Canon perpetual or infinite, comprising at least twelve bars within the repeat, with a Coda of one or more free bars. Figure the bass throughout.

2. Find and write the answer of the following perpetual Canon, two in one.

3. Write Counterpoint of the First Species for two sopranos (not trebles), two altos, and two tenors, above the following Subject. Figure the bass.

4. Write Counterpoint of the Second Species for soprano, of the Third Species for alto, and of the First Species for tenor, above

the following Subject—the entire score consisting of four parts to be sung at once. Figure the bass.

5. Write Counterpoint of the Third Species for three trebles, and of the First Species for tenor, above the following Subject—the score consisting of five parts. Figure the bass.

6. Write Counterpoint of the Fifth Species for treble, of the Fourth Species for alto, and of the First Species for tenor, above the following Subject—the score consisting of four parts. Figure the bass.

7. Write Double Counterpoint in the 8th of the Fifth Species upon the following Subject, and place it both above and below the Subject to show its twofold application—each score consisting of two parts.

8. Write Double Counterpoint in the 10th of the Fifth Species upon the same subject, to be scored in the same manner as No. 7, the last note to be free.

9. Write Double Counterpoint in the 12th, with notes of different length than those here given, upon the following Subject, the last bar and a half to be free.

10. Write two parts to be played with the following, the whole constituting a triple Counterpoint. Transcribe the six different scores to show all the inversions of the three points.

Thursday, March 13, 1879. 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Mollia tempora fandi.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The International Concerts given at Paris in connection with the recent Exhibition seem, as one result, to have caused the music of English composers to be more justly appreciated there than it had previously been. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they had the effect of making it known. A week or two ago Mr Arthur Sullivan's *In Memoriam* overture was performed for the second time at the concerts of the Paris Conservatoire. A few days since, March 11, that brilliant pianist, Madme Montigny-Remaury, introduced at her grand orchestral concert, under the direction of Colonne, Benedict's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks," announced in the French programme under the name of "Ariel: ancien air anglai varié." Nor is this new admiration for English music, or rather for the music of English composers, or composers naturalized in England, confined to France. It has extended southwards to Italy. On the 6th inst. Benedict's cantata, *St Cecilia*, was produced at Rome with such success that no fewer than three of the numbers were encored—the Chorale, the Funeral March (which Mr Louis Engel used to play so admirably on the harmonium when the work was first brought out), and the contralto air, "Father, whose blessing." An interesting account of the reception which Mr Sullivan's overture met with has been given by Mr Sullivan himself in a letter to a private friend, which has been published in the *Musical World*.

[*Mollissima fandi tempora.* International Exhibition—or after dinner-times.—Otto Beard.]

* Composed expressly for Madme Arabella Goddard.

LIBEL OR NO LIBEL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—As a constant reader I have a right to ask you a question, and also to expect an answer. A fortnight since, at the Grouse and Shadow, a concert was given in the large Market Dining-room, where Farmer Point made that famous speech about hurdles. A young friend of mine, by name Adder, of excellent musical parts, voice, and so-forth, volunteered a song, the concert being for a charity. I got the words at the Retired Soldier, hard by North Malvern Steep. They were evidently by a poet born, and I set them to several tunes, one of which young Adder liked, and got Rogers of the Wells to put an accompaniment to it. Well, Sir, he (Adder) introduced the song and was applauded by market-gardeners and Squire Clough of Clee. Now this took place at Hallow the Hole, where Adder's worst enemy is in the habit of besprinkling with his acrimonious ink a weekly sheet of no great consequence. Still, an ill-natured article does harm, and here becomes the talk not only of Hallow the Hole but of Illberry (where Holmes of Hallow, the critic who wrote the article, resides). I at once told young Adder it was a libel, and I maintain that it is a libel. Read it (print it if you like), and give me your opinion.

"THE YOUNG ADDER.

"That egregious donkey, Thomas Adder, had the unblushing impudence on Wednesday, the 12th of March, to appear at the Grouse and Shadow and pretend to sing. His voice (save the mark!) is neither soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, nor bass, but a vile mixture of the most obnoxious qualities of all, add to which the grating sound of saw-sharpening and the hollowness of a railway whistle. Our musical and unmusical readers will be as much amazed as ourselves that he (Adder) should have gone half way through his first song without being hooted off the platform.

"P.S.—Since the above was in type we hear on good authority that this hideous disgrace to manhood intends, as often as the landlord of the Grouse will allow, to inflict his croaking voice and ungainly person on those unwary ones who may stray into the Market Dining-room before he has arrived. Need we say that young Adder was a disastrous failure?—We have said it."

May I ask, Sir, is this a libel or is it not a libel? Your obedient servant,

APPLEFORD OF HEREFORD.

[A libel—a palpable libel. But that does not prove that "young Adder" can sing, that the Retired Soldier's verses are good, that Appleford is not a noodle, or that Rogers has not been making fun out of them, as well as out of Holmes the critic. Ask Morris of the *News*.—D. BEARD.]

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Amid the uncertainty in which the question of the Grand Opera is enveloped, one fact at least stands boldly forward as settled: M. Say, the Minister of Finance, has pronounced against any increase in the Government grant, and all idea of carrying on the theatre directly by the State. In this posture of affairs a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of the Municipal Council of Paris, has, according to M. Emile Mendel, come to the rescue of the Minister of Fine Arts, whose position is not an enviable one. The Council, it is said, would be willing to lend a helping hand provided there were several "popular" performances every month. They would not, however, give a sum of money, but supply gratuitously water, gas, military guard, and firemen, besides giving up what is termed "*l'impôt du balayage*," the whole equivalent to more than four hundred thousand francs. This piece of news has not tended to diminish the number of aspirants for managerial honours—and profits—who are anxious to succeed M. Halanzier. "The cry is still: They come!"—At the Opéra-Comique *La Flûte enchantée* (*Die Zauberflöte*) is in active rehearsal, and promised for the end of the month. Should all go well, it will retain its place in the bills till the close of the season. Following the course he adopted in the case of Mdlle Bilbaut-Vauchelet, M. Carvalho has renewed for three years the engagement, and considerably raised the salary, of M. Talazac, the young tenor, who has made such a hit in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*. There is some talk of giving a concert of sacred music at this theatre on Good Friday.

The Berlioz Festival at the Hippodrome, on the anniversary of the composer's death, went off most successfully. It was under the direction of M. Reyer, one of Berlioz's most attached friends and most ardent admirers.—For the first time since their

establishment, the series of Popular Concerts was temporarily suspended last Sunday, when, in consequence of a domestic misfortune, the death of his brother-in-law, M. Pasdeloup had had neither the time nor the heart to prepare a programme. On the previous Sunday, among the works performed was the "Symphonic poem," *La Tempête*, by M. Tschaikowsky. It was the reverse of successful, and the composer addressed the following letter to M. Colonne:

"Paris, 9th March, 1879.

"SIR.—Having accidentally come to Paris for one day, it happened to be the day on which you kindly performed my *Tempête*. I was at the Châtelet; I heard the performance, and hasten to thank you, Sir, sincerely and warmly, both for the flattering attention you bestowed on my music and for your magnificent rendering of a difficult and ungrateful work. I thank, also, from the bottom of my heart, the members of your orchestra for their efforts to bring out in the most artistic manner all the details of the score. As for the piteous and meagre applause, mingled with tolerably energetic hisses, with which the poor *Tempête* was greeted, they sensibly affected, but did not astonish, me.—I fully expected them. —If a certain prejudice against Muscovite barbarism has something to do with the matter, the faults inherent to the work itself play a large part in it; the form of the composition is diffuse, long, and deficient in equilibrium. At all events, the execution, which was, as I have said, *excellent*, had nothing to do with the result. I should certainly have come to shake you by the hand and express orally my gratitude, if the state of my health did not prevent me from fulfilling this duty. I am merely passing through Paris, whither I came with the sole object of consulting my medical man. I am, therefore, obliged to have recourse to my pen to testify my gratitude. I can assure you it will never be effaced from my heart.—Yours, most truly,

P. TSCHAIKOWSKY."

What will Hans von Bülow say of the manner in which the work of his "genuine tone-poet" has been again received by the Parisians—for it was performed last summer at the Trocadéro, where it elicited about the same expression of opinion? How about the development of Slav music, the death agony of Italian music, and the conviction which the Doctor "expectorated" in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and subsequently hawked up again in one of his *Foggy Letters*?

The grand organ of St Eustache has been completely restored by M. J. Merkin, and will be inaugurated on Friday the 21st inst. It was greatly damaged and rendered useless in 1871 by the projectiles of the Communists.—M. Ponchard, professor in the Conservatory and stage-manager-in-chief at the Opéra-Comique, has been nominated an Officier d'Académie.

[* We can only say—*pace* the learned Doctor—that the letter to M. Pasdeloup is honourable to M. Tschaikowsky both as an artist and a gentleman.—D. P.]

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S FAREWELL.*

(Impromptu for Music.)

I cannot bear thy tears, mother!
O stay them for my sake;
They make this parting hour so hard—
My heart is nigh to break—
And yet the time hath all but sped
That I on board should be;
Come, give me one sweet sunny smile
As Hope's fair augury!

I thought thy heart-wish was,
mother,
I should a hero be?
Look through the battle-clouds and
The glorious victory! [see
Think of thy tender pride, thy joy,
When my dear father's name
Lives, through thy hero's deeds,
Once more
Upon the lips of fame!

And clasp this solace firm, mother,
While I'm afar at sea,
The God of England strikes with us,
We cannot vanquish'd be!
And should the blue wave lightly roll
Its white crest o'er my grave,
Thou wilt not, *must not, canst not*
pine,
I'll slumber with the brave!!

Nay, nay then, I'll not speak, mother,
Words that make thee so pale;
I may be by thy side again
Ere violets scent the gale.
And till we meet thy name shall rise
Each morn and eve on high,
And the sweet prayers will blend
with mine.
Now kiss me, and—Good-bye!

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-FIRST SEASON, 1878-79.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, 1879.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Beethoven.

BARCAROLLE, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle JANOTHA Chopin.

PART II.

SERBISCHE LIEDERSPIEL, Op. 32, for one and more voices, with pianoforte accompaniment (Vocalists—Mdlles FRIED-LANDER, REDEKER; MM. SHAKESPEARE and HENSCHEL; Pianoforte—Mdlle JANOTHA) Henschel.

TRIO, in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle JANOTHA, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI Mozart.

EIGHTEENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT of the SEASON.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 22, 1879.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double bass—MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, MANN, LALANDE, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI Beethoven.

AIR, "Sibyllar"—Herr HENSCHEL Handel.

SCHERZO, in B flat minor, for pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN Chopin.

SONATA, in A flat, for pianoforte and violoncello (first time)—

—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Signor PIATTI Bafle.

SONG, "Die beiden Grenadiere" (by desire)—Herr HENSCHEL

ANDANTE and SCHERZO, for two violins, viola, and violoncello

MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

AN EXTRA CONCERT

WILL BE GIVEN ON

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 2, 1879.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 127, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.

SONATA, in B minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle JANOTHA Beethoven.

QUARTET, in C sharp minor, Op. 132, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

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Grafton Road, N.W.

NOTICE.
The first four pages of the Index for 1878 will be published in our next issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B.R.—"The third time is never like the rest." If No. 2 was a long while coming after No. 1, and No. 3 a long while coming after No. 2, that same No. 3 will be speedily followed up by No. 4. *Ecce nomen;* "and" says Nym (not Nym Crinkle, but plain Nym), "*that's the humour of it.*" We live and strive and wait and learn.

AMATEUR.—Sterndale Bennett's overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, was composed for the Jubilee of the Philharmonic Society. It is announced in the programme of their fifth concert for the present season (Ap. 30).

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

STEPHEN HELLER ON HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

SUBJOINED is the promised conclusion of Stephen Heller's very interesting letter addressed to Dr Edouard Hanslick, the enlightened critic and philosopher of the Vienna *Neue freie Presse*. Place is awarded to it in our leading columns, for the reason that induced Dr Hanslick to substitute it for his own *feuilleton* in the great Vienna political journal.

(Concluded from page 170.)

He often complained bitterly, and compared his own successes with those of the then popular composers for the stage; but whenever he did so, I used to say to him: "My good friend, you want too much; you want everything. You despise the general public, and yet want them to admire you. You despise, in virtue of your right as a noble-minded and original artist, the approbation of the majority, and yet you bitterly experience the want of it. You wish to be a bold innovator, an opener-up of new paths; but, at the same time, you desire to be understood and valued by all. You desire to please only the noblest and the strongest, and yet you are angry at the coldness of the indifferent—at the insufficiency of the weak. Do you not desire to be solitary, inaccessible, and poor, like Beethoven, and yet surrounded by the great and the little ones of this world—loaded with all the gifts of fortune, with honours, with titles, and with offices? You have attained what the nature of your talent and of your whole being can attain. You have not the majority on your side, but an intellectual minority exerts itself to uphold and encourage you. You have achieved for yourself a thoroughly special place in the world of art; you possess many enthusiastic friends—nor are you, thank God, without redoubtable foes, who keep your friends vigilant. Your material means of existence have, thank goodness, been assured for several years; and, finally, you may with certainty reckon on something hitherto valued by all men of mind and heart—the more thorough recognition which posterity has in store for you." I often succeeded in reviving his spirits, a fact he always admitted with friendly and touching words. I remember with especial pleasure one particular instance. We were spending the evening as the guests of B. Damcke—also one of those now no more—and of his wife, whose goodness of heart and kind hospitality Berlioz gratefully mentions in his *Memoirs*. We were in the habit of meeting there nearly every evening, Berlioz, J. d'Ortigue (a learned writer on musical and literary history), Léon Kreutzer, and others. We used to chat, criticise, and play music, freely and without constraint. This little circle, also, has been thinned by death; latterly Berlioz and myself were the only members of it left. Well, one evening that Berlioz again began his old lament, I answered him in the manner described above. I finished my sermon; it was eleven o'clock, and the cold December night outside was dark and dreary. Tired and out of sorts, I lighted a cigar. Suddenly, Berlioz started up with youthful alacrity from the sofa on which he was accustomed to stretch himself in his muddy boots, to the secret anguish of the cleanly and order-loving Damcke. "Ha!" he cried, "Heller is right—is not he? He is always right. He is good, he is clever, he is just and wise; I will embrace him," he continued, kissing me on both cheeks, "and propose to the sage a piece of folly." "I am ready for any such act," I replied. "What do you propose?"—"Let us go and sup together at Bignon's" (a celebrated restaurateur at the corner of the Chaussee d'Antin). "I did not make a very good dinner, and your sermon has inspired me with a desire for immortality and a few dozen oysters." "All right," I replied, "we will drink the health of Beethoven, and that of Lucullus too; we will drown and forget in the noblest wines of France, with *pâtes de foie gras* to match, the sorrows which vex our souls"—"Our host," said Berlioz, "can stop at home, for he has a charming wife. We, however, who are not so blessed, will be off to the wine-shop—I will hear no objection! The matter is settled." The old, fiery Berlioz was once more awakened within him. So

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

we sauntered, arm in arm, joking and laughing, down the long Rue Blanche and the equally long Chausseé d'Antin, and entered the brilliantly-lighted restaurant's. It struck half-past eleven, and there were very few customers in the place, a fact at which we were well pleased. We ordered oysters, *pâtes de foie gras*, a cold fowl, salad, fruit, and some of the best champagne and most genuine Bordeaux.

Berlioz as well as myself was the more inclined to do all honour to this admirable repast, because, like me, he was usually very moderate and simple in his mode of living. At one o'clock the gas was extinguished, and the waiters glided gapingly about us (we were quite alone; the other customers had left) as if to remind us that we ought to go. The doors were closed and wax candles brought. "Waiter!" exclaimed Berlioz, "You are trying by all kinds of pantomimic action to make us believe it is late. Let me beg you, however, to bring us two demi-tasses of coffee and some real Havannah cigars." So we went on till two o'clock. "At present," said Berlioz, "we will be off, for my mother-in-law is now in her best sleep and I have well-founded hopes that I shall wake her up." During supper we spoke of our favourites, Beethoven, Shakspere, Lord Byron, Heine, and Gluck, and continued to do so as we slowly walked the long distance to his house, which was not far from mine.—This was the last merry, lively social evening I spent with him. Unless I am mistaken, it was in 1867 or 1868.

It was in the same year that he was seized with a sort of passion for reading Shakspere, in the French translation, to some few friends. We used to meet at his lodgings at eight o'clock in the evening, and he would read us some seven or eight pieces.

He read well but was frequently very greatly moved; in especially fine passages the tears used to course down his cheeks. He would, however, still go on and hastily wipe away his tears so as not to interfere with the reading. The only persons present on such occasions were the Dammes and two or three other friends. One of the latter, an old and well-tried comrade of Berlioz's, but with no great literary culture, undertook of his own accord the office of a *claqueur*. He listened with profound attention and endeavoured to discover in the countenances of the other members of the audience and of the reader the right moment for manifesting his enthusiasm. As he did not venture to applaud, he invented an original method for expressing his approval. Every extraordinarily fine passage, delivered and received with deep emotion, was accompanied on his part by the half audible emission of some oath or other usually heard among the lower classes and in the workshops. Thus, after the poet's most touching scenes we were greeted with: "Nom d'un nom! Nom d'une pipe! S... matin!" After this had been repeated some dozen times, Berlioz suddenly bursting out angrily, and breaking off in the middle of a verse, thundered forth: "Ah ça, voulez-vous bien f... le camp avec vos nom d'une pipe!" Hereupon the offender, pale with dismay, took to flight, and Berlioz with perfect composure resumed the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*.—What I once told you touching Berlioz's short musical memory referred to modern music with which he was not very familiar. But he retained well the music he had studied. Such music included more especially Beethoven's orchestral works (he was not so well up in the quartets and pianoforte pieces); then the operas of Gluck and Spontini, as likewise those of Grétry, Méhul, Dalayrac, and Monsigny. Despite his marvellous hatred of Rossini, he was a warm admirer of two of that master's scores: *Le Comte Ory* and *Il Barbier di Siviglia*. Berlioz was one of those genuine artists who are carried away and moved to tears by every production which is in its way perfect. I was with him at Adelina Patti's first appearance here in *Il Barbier*. You will believe me when I assure you that, in the most joyous and most charming passages of the work, his eyes were suffused with tears. But what shall I say about *Die Zauberflöte*, which also I heard in company with him. He entertained a sort of childish indignation for what he termed Mozart's culpable concessions. By these he meant Don Ottavio's air, Donna Anna's air in F, and the famous bravura airs of the Queen of Night. Nothing could induce him to acknowledge the excellence of these pieces, apart from their dramatic value, which is certainly not as great as that of many others. But how truly delighted was I to see the deep and powerful impression the opera produced on him. He had often heard it before, but whether

he was in a better frame of mind, or whether the work was better represented, he said the music had never previously penetrated so profoundly into his heart. Nay, his exaltation in two or three instances became so loud that our neighbours in the stalls, who were picking their teeth and wanted quietly to digest their dinner, complained of such "indiscreet" enthusiasm.

One evening at a quartet concert we heard Beethoven's Quartet in E minor. We were seated in a distant corner of the room. While I was listening to this wonderful work my feelings were those of a devout Roman Catholic who hears Mass with deep piety and fervour, but, at the same time, with calmness and clear consciousness; the sublime feeling he experiences has been long familiar to him. Berlioz, on the other hand, resembled a neophyte; a kind of joyous dread at the sacred and sweet secret revealed to him was mixed up with his devotion. His countenance beamed with transport during the *adagio*—he was, so to speak, transfigured. Some other fine works were set down for performance, but we left, and I accompanied him to his house. The *adagio* still re-echoed prayerlike in our souls. Not a word was exchanged between us. On my taking leave of him, he grasped my hand and said: "Cet homme avait tout . . . et nous n'avons rien."

At that moment he was crushed, annihilated, by the gigantic grandeur of "cet homme."—One more short anecdote: Near the house where Damcke resided, in the Rue Mansard, there was an especially large white stone laid down in the pavement. Every evening that we returned from the Rue Mansard Berlioz used to place himself on this stone as he wished me good-night. One evening (a few months before his last illness) we bade each other good-bye in a hurried fashion, for it was cold, and a thick, yellow fog hung over the streets. We were already ten paces' distance from each other, when I heard Berlioz crying out: "Heller! Heller! Where are you? Come back! I did not bid you good-night on the white stone." We came together again and began looking about in the pitch-dark night for the indispensable stone, which, by the way, had among other characteristics a peculiar shape. I took out my matches, but they would not light in the damp air. We both groped about the pavement until at last the weather-beaten stone gleamed on us. Placing his foot with the greatest seriousness on it, Berlioz said: "Thank God! I am standing on it. Now, then, good-night!" And so say I to you, my dear sir. My pen ran away with me—I could not pull it up.

STEPHEN HELLER.

[When is the *Musical World* to be once more graced by a friendly contribution from the same eloquent pen? Once upon a time—the time of Heinrich Ernst!—there used to be not only Christmas Trees, but letters from Stephen Heller.

—D. P.]

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The seventeenth concert, on Wednesday night, was as varied and interesting as any of its precursors, and brought a large audience to St James's Hall. The second part of the programme was devoted exclusively to Scottish music, as will be that of next Wednesday to English songs—*old* English songs, remember. We intend to combine the two, next week, in one notice. Perhaps Mr John Bookey has never had a more successful season; but he deserves, knowing, as he does, so well how to obtain it, and acting up to his experience.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—What with Herr Joachim's third performance of the violin concerto of Brahms (magnificent and uproariously applauded as before), Mademoiselle Janotta's admirable execution of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G, Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony," and the excellent singing of Mrs Osgood, the fourth Philharmonic Concert, on Thursday night, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins was one of the most attractive and interesting of the present season. Señor Sarasate is to play at the next concert and the one following, Madame Essipoff at the sixth, Herr Alfred Jaell at the seventh, and M. Saint-Saëns at the eighth.

Miss Purdy (Madame Purdi), who for two or three seasons has been singing contralto parts at Her Majesty's Theatre during the Italian season, has concluded her operatic engagement, and purposes returning to the concert-room. Miss Purdy represented on several occasions the principal character in Flotow's *L'Ombra*, when that opera was produced by Mr Mapleton.

[March 22, 1879.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MAD. ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, the Russian pianist *par excellence*, intends, it is understood, paying London a visit this season. She will be welcome. It is now nearly three years since her last appearance among us.

By a Royal decree the French normal pitch has been officially adopted in Spain.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At the concert in aid of the funds of St Michael's Institute on Monday, March 17th, the choir gave part-songs by Purcell, Henry Smart, Pearsall, Arthur Sullivan, and Sterndale Bennett. The boys sang a trio by Cherubini, "Go, faithless Clori"; Misses Davidson and Turner sisters, Messrs Green and Burridge contributing songs by Gounod, Wallace, Arthur Cecil, Barker, and Sir Henry Bishop. The concert took place in St Michael's Schoolroom, Ebury Square. Dr C. G. Verrinder conducted. It was in all respects a gratifying success.

PROVINCIAL.

NORWICH.—At the fifteenth concert of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union, which took place in St Andrew's Hall, on Thursday evening, March 13th, under the able direction of Dr Bunnett, compositions by Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., were performed. Haydn's symphony, (No. 4), was the orchestral *piece de résistance*. Two movements from Beethoven's piano-forte concerto in C were extremely well played by Mr Arthur E. Bunnett. Miss Faith Howlett, who made a first appearance at these concerts, sang Berthold Tours' "The Child Angels" and Blumenthal's "O waly, waly, up the bank" with marked success; Mr Minna showed real expression in Mendelssohn's canzonet, "The Garland," and so did Mr Brockbank in Schubert's "Wanderer." The choir gave "The many rend the skies" and "May no rash intruder" (Handel), besides Dr Bunnett's part song, "Spring," doing full justice to all. There was a large attendance, and the entertainment afforded general satisfaction.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—We have had Mdme Pappenheim here, with Mr Mapleson's operatic company, and they have been playing *Der Freischütz*. The lady was entirely successful, as the subjoined remarks from the *Newcastle Daily Journal* (12th inst.) show:—

"Last night Madame Eugénie Pappenheim, the acknowledged successor to Mdlle Tietjens, made her first appearance in this town and played the part of Agata, fully justifying the claim made for her that upon her shoulders has the mantle of Tietjens fallen. She has a grand voice, rich, pure, full, and of great compass, perfectly trained and completely under control. She has also great dramatic talent, and is in every way qualified to take a first place on the lyrico-dramatic stage. Madame Pappenheim sang the aria, 'Piano, piano canto, più,' and accompanying *scena* exquisitely, both as to feeling and expression, receiving a very enthusiastic encore, with which, however, she could not be expected to comply, and so merely bowed her acknowledgments."

Every word true. Mdlle Gedina played Annetta, Herr Behrens Caspar, Sig. Boetti Rodolfo. Nothing very stirring here of late in the musical way.—P. K. R.

BRIGHTON.—Mr Kuhe is very busily engaged organizing a concert for the benefit of the sufferers by the Hungarian inundations. Already the gratuitous services of many artists of distinction have been promised; and there can be little doubt, from the energy at all times displayed by Mr Kuhe in such matters, that a good result will ensue.

HOLY TRINITY, WESTMINSTER (BESSBOROUGH GARDENS).—As a slight proof of the unmusical state of our beloved country, it is not unworthy notice that at the church above mentioned the anthems during Lent have been and will be, "Judge me O God" (Mendelssohn), "Hear my Prayer" (do.), "God Thou art Great" (Spohr), and "By Babylon's Wave" (Gounod). Spohr's "God Thou art Great," the anthem for Sunday evening last, was admirably given under the direction of Mr Joseph Monday, organist and choir-master. Mr Frank Amor (of Salisbury) presided with real talent at the organ.

LAST DAY OF THE SEASON.

SATURDAY MORNING..... Carmen.
SATURDAY EVENING..... Rienzi.

March 22nd, 1879.

Scene, the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre.
Curtain falls amidst thunders of applause and loud cries of
"Manager!"
Enter MANAGER.



PUBLIC.—Hush! silence! silence!
MANAGER (*affected*).—Ladies and gentlemen! Have I pleased you? Are you content? I have done my best, and so have my artists all. Shall we come again?

PUBLIC (*with one voice*).—Yes! yes! yes!
MANAGER (*deeply moved*).—Your cordial answer is enough. We shall return in good time and bring you something new. Adieu for the present, and thank you from my heart! (*Sitting the action to the word.*)

PUBLIC (*rising and waving handkerchiefs*).—Come soon!
Sooner the better! A bientôt! Auf wiedersehen! Hoch!
Subito, subito! (*A Turk*) Be chesm!
(Exit MANAGER to pack up for Hanover.)

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Two performances were given at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, and, strange to say, neither *Rienzi* nor *Carmen* was in the programme, the place of the one being taken by Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, of the other by Brill's *Golden Cross*. It will be in recollection that the *Golden Cross* was one of Mr Rosa's novelties during his tenancy of the Adelphi last year, and that it was produced under the composer's own eyes, he happening to be just then delighting English amateurs with his taste and skill as a pianist. Brill's work did not prove a success with the public, although connoisseurs were quick to recognize the grace and charm of good deal of the music and the admirable manner in which the orchestra is treated throughout. Its comparative failure, however, need not have surprised or puzzled anybody. The *Golden Cross* missed public approval for the same reason as *Piccolino* went wide of the mark. Both are domestic dramas illustrating the fortunes of humble every-day folk, and for such, unless wedded to specially beautiful music, or interpreted by exceptional ability, the public do not care. The splendid catastrophe of *Rienzi* and the romantic devilry of *Carmen* find hosts of admirers, but a simple story like that which Mosenthal tells in the *Golden Cross*, though it be pure and touching, is voted "stale, flat, and unprofitable." We are not sure that this is well, but so it is past all doubt. Our opinion of Herr Brill's music has already been stated at length, and we need not recapitulate. Its most serious drawback arises from a certain monotony of character. Even in a two-act work there should be *asis* and *thesis*—moments of exaltation and depression, of storm and calm, of strain and relaxation. Herr Brill neglects this rule too much. He is always pleasing and musically, but going with him through an opera is like continued travelling over a smiling and fertile plain. We long for an

eminence even if beyond lies a valley. The *Golden Cross*, however, should not be set aside. Its influence is all in the direction of good, and we do not envy the man who, while rightly demanding greater strength, sneers at the character of the opera. The performance was in most respects similar to that of last year, Miss Gaylord being again a delightful representative of Christina, Mr Snazelle impersonating Nicolas, and Mr Maas Gontran. Miss Georgina Burns sang prettily as Theresa, and made the character interesting; but Mr Leslie Crotty by no means atoned for the absence of Mr Aynsley Cook, whose bluff impersonation of Bombardon, a little overdone though it was, is held in pleasant remembrance. There are now so many artists on the lyric stage whose only connection with the characters they are supposed to represent depends upon the costumer that we can easily tolerate one who acts too much. The orchestra was efficient throughout, and perhaps gave more pleasure to many among the audience than did the performers on the stage. Mr Ross conducted in the able manner habitual with him.—D.T.

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A COUNTRY PARISH CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Washington Irving remarks that "there are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English country church," and the remark applies with striking truth to the little church, which I am about to describe, in a Scottish parish. Situated in a sequestered valley, four hundred miles from the Great Metropolis, and one hundred from the Scottish capital, it yet gathers together, within its plain, white-washed walls, representatives of almost every possible phase of country society—from the peer to the ploughboy—the merchant to the miner. Perhaps the best time to see this quaint little church is at Christmas or in the shooting season, when the great families are at home. Then from my quiet pew in the area, I look around and above on four hundred faces, some furrowed and careworn, some round, plump, and contented, and others bright with the white and pink bloom of youth. The majority of the worshippers are "constant quantities," being discernible in the same places from week to week and month to month; farmers, shopkeepers, tradesmen, serving-men, gardeners, and miners, with their wives and families, scattered over the area and the back part of the galleries. The "variable quantities" again are the aristocratic element, whose places are filled only at occasional seasons. Opposite the pulpit sits the Earl of (say A, B, or C), a quiet-looking gentleman whom one might pass on a country road without notice, but whose ancestors have been distinguished in Scottish history for centuries. He is one of the pillars of the Scotch Church, and has been Lord Commissioner to the General Assembly. Beside him sits the Countess, as unpretentious as himself, and several sons and daughters of various ages. The Countess is the Lady Bountiful of the village, and to her, and the family next in order, the school children owe many joyous treats. The next family is that of a well-known baronet, who is also a pillar of the Church, his ordination to office being the event which has occasioned a larger attendance on the particular Sunday of which I write. He is the chief resident landowner in the parish, being at home for a considerable part of the year, and his hospitalities—like those of his forefathers—are proverbial. The numerous household around him present a pleasing picture. In the background of the galleries are seen butlers, coachmen, gamekeepers, housekeepers, and housemaids, the picture being family-like and interesting in the extreme, but with a touch of the feudal element, softened by the civilization of the nineteenth century. Add, to the elements already enumerated, a few country gentry, and we have before us every conceivable element of modern life—nobility, gentry, army, navy, agriculture, commerce, trade, and the professions generally. Altogether, this blending of social molecules, this communion of the country church, is most salutary. All are equalized for the time by their interest in higher things, are reminded of their future equality by the tombstones on every side. "Outward Religion," says Carlyle, "originates by Society; Society becomes possible by Religion." "Religion is the immost pericardial and nervous tissue of the Body Politic, which ministers life and warm circulation to the whole." Long may these social elements hang together in their entirety, though, alas! in many parishes the landlords have "flown" from the Presbyterian nest, and taken refuge under the eaves of Episcopacy.

But hush! the opening hymn has been given out. The human voice is the only instrument usually recognized in the Scottish Kirk. But in our parish the music is quite advanced; there is a little harmonium in front of the pulpit which attempts, and with considerable success, the sweetest and newest hymns; there is also a well-trained choir, itself a representative of parochial society, the line of sopranos containing, I see, a schoolmistress, a farmer's daughter, a post-mistress, a draper's assistant, a dressmaker; and

the line of bass, a doctor, a clerk, a coal-grieve, a butler, and a farmer. The harmoniumist and choir-master is the village teacher, who has much credit by his flock, but now and again the Earl's daughter presides, and last Sunday (Sabbath, I should say) the Baronet's daughter made her *début*. The tune (*Bethlehem*) now being sung is quite a recent innovation in a Kirk whose traditions till lately eschewed everything savouring of Popery or Episcopacy; and as these had, from time immemorial, been in possession of the most precious music, hymn-literature, and general liturgy of bygone ages, the poor devoted Kirk was reduced to the "beggarly elements," the Psalms of David in metre to the barest and baldlest of music. All this is being gradually changed, "*Redheads*," "*Te Deum Laudamus*," and "*Lux Benigna*," taking the place of "*Elgin*," "*Martyrs*," and "*Dundee*—"tunes immortalized by Burns in the "*Cottar's Saturday Night*." The musical service, too, is assuming larger proportions, and is gradually encroaching on the preaching, the ancient cornerstone and glory of the Scottish Kirk. But is this glory faded? Perhaps in a sense it is. In days when newspapers were rarely met with beyond the walls of a town; when country libraries did not exist; and when books were few and scarce; the pulpit provided the only literature within reach of the bulk of the population. Then the minister spoke with an amount of boldness and of acceptation which one seldom meets with now, save in remote districts of the Highlands. The sermon was the chief feature of the service—but we question if it is so now. At least, preaching has toned down considerably from what it used to be. *Read sermons* and, in some cases, *read prayers* have superseded the *extempore*; the preacher's expression of opinion is more cautious; and one seldom hears of such gesticulation as that in the quaint description of an old divine—"He grat, and he swat, and he spat." And in country churches, it was a common thing for the service to include two sermons (with only a psalm and a prayer between) in too many cases provocative of sleep, from which the rural mind awoke, "if not edified, at least refreshed." Now, in most cases, there is but one short sermon; the music is a chief feature, if not of equal interest and importance with the sermon; no one thinks the service long, and the devotional feeling is better awakened. The *read sermon*, as a rule, is more thoughtful, better put together, and less rhapsodical. But there is a danger that this mode of preaching may in course of time become cold and lifeless. A preacher should, like Prometheus, steal fire from heaven occasionally—cast aside his paper—send home the pathos of his words by the personal emotion of voice, look, and gesture, and by a quasi-dramatic treatment of his subject draw tears from the pious eye, and send a thrill of terror through the sinner's frame. The pulpit might with profit take lessons from the stage—the preacher become the pupil of the player. Vocal training, graceful and suitable gesticulation, in fact, the principles and practice of oratory must receive greater and more general attention if the pulpit is to retain its influence, and the preacher to stand on a higher platform than that of a pleasant-voiced Scripture reader.

But while we muse, our preacher has brought his sermon for the day to a close, and intimates, amid multitudinous clearing of throats and readjustment of posture on the part of his hearers, that the ordination of an Elder will now be proceeded with. A hymn is given out, a step is heard on one of the gallery stairs, and the Baronet descends and takes his place in front of the pulpit, where the other Elders have already assembled. The hymn being ended, he steps out into the open space, a man in the prime of life, of true Saxon type, pleasant-faced and thoughtful; himself for the moment the cynosure of every eye. His manly response, "I do," to the different questions of faith and of Church-allegiance directed to him is audible to every ear. He will uphold the Church and State, Presbyterianism as by law established, and strive in general walk and conversation to be an "ensample" to the congregation and the world. The ceremony, simple and of few minutes' duration, yet solemn and impressive, is concluded with prayer, the other Elders, one by one, give their newly-admitted brother the right hand of Christian fellowship, and the congregation slowly disperses. Groups gather at the outer gates, for your upland rustics must have a last look at the nobler elements of humanity; the rumbling of wheels becomes fainter in the distance, and all wend their ways homeward, for another week, to the mansion, the farm-house, or the cottage, having imbibed, we venture to hope, in the words of Keble:—"New thoughts of God, fresh hopes of Heaven." One other little innovation I venture humbly to suggest, which may bring a smile to the lips of some persons of my acquaintance, and beadle to the verge of rebellion. The Scotch Kirk is generally tenantless except on Sabbath. Let it be opened for an hour or two each day, so that one so disposed, whether footsore or heartsore, may turn in and rest. Enter a Continental Church on an ordinary day, and you see a market-woman with a basket of eggs kneeling

[March 22, 1879.]

in a corner, a workman in his blouse lifting his eyes to the Cross. But in Scotland the Church is for the Sabbath only—and the village inn for the week-days.

JAMES LEITCH.

—O—

A TRUE ARTIST. (BY AN ENTHUSIAST.)

On Christmas Day, 1878, the Kammersängerin, to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, Georgina Schubert, died suddenly at Potsdam, whither she had hurried to the burial of her uncle, Louis Schneider.

The public of Neu-Strelitz, to which town, she who has now gone to her rest, devoted her eminent talents for a number of years, has lost in her not only the remarkable cantatrice and noble artist, but also a most sympathising helper of the poor and needy, who ever made use of her influential position for the good of others, and not for her own benefit or that of her own relations.

Georgina Schubert was the daughter of Franz Schubert, the well-known conductor in Dresden, composer and violinist, and of Maschinka Schneider, whose reputation as a singer was considerable some years ago.

Georgina's talents were cultivated for some time by her mother, but it was Jenny Lind who first appreciated and developed her voice. Manuel Garcia, however, was her real master, and to him she was chiefly indebted for a thorough knowledge of the art of singing. She continued her studies at Paris under Gounod and Potier; the latter wrote an opera for her, which, for various reasons, was not given till 1878, during the Exhibition. After this she taught herself, chiefly, by observing other artists, by long and earnest studies, which, indeed, she never discontinued.

She was always most conscientious in the practice of her art. This conscientiousness made her invariably do all she could for her colleagues, and caused her to be ready to sacrifice herself for their sake at all times. Even when out of health she would sing, with an effort of will she was careful to hide, so as not to disappoint the public, and prevent the possibility of a disturbance. In the eleventh year of her career at Strelitz she could say: "Only absent three times, and then on account of domestic affliction; only once on the score of severe illness." Surely few other artists could assert this of themselves—and, withal, she found it so natural that she did not expect any praise for it. Her income she spent in good works, and, at her death, the tears of the lowly were as numerous as those of the high born; for never was artist more trusted by rich and poor, great and small.

To resume: in 1859 she appeared as Amina, in *Sonnambula*; immediately afterwards, and for thirty consecutive representations, as Dinorah, for which part she had been specially chosen by Meyerbeer, her success amply justifying his selection. After that she occupied the place of *prima donna* for a short time in Dresden, and, in 1861 to 1863, she was in Paris, and again took up her studies. Rossini, Auber, and other renowned masters, were present at her *début* at the Grand Opera, and were all charmed with the young singer. Notwithstanding their praise, and like a truly great artist, she, in her diffidence, did not consider herself advanced enough for such a large arena as the Grand Opera; she therefore chose the stage of the Lyrique. Here, after hearing her in *Faust*, Gounod, said: "C'est la Marguerite que j'ai rêvée!" An unforeseen disaster, and later on the bankruptcy of the impresario, prevented her from appearing any further at this theatre, while the action brought by one of the company against the director kept her fast in Paris for two years in succession, and prevented Potier's opera, as mentioned above, from being given. Then followed her triumphs on the Rhine: Düsseldorf, Cologne, Mayence, Frankfort, which were repeated later on; meanwhile came the stay in Italy, and, in 1865, the engagement for a year at the Royal Theatre of Hanover, where she became a favourite, both of the Court and of the town. In Cologne she sang with Niemann, Carion, and Roger, and it was there that, to prevent a disappointment, and to oblige Tietjens, she sang Adalgisa to Tietjens' Norma in spite of hoarseness, and thereby caught such an obstinate sore throat that she was ordered to Italy. Here she soon recovered, and living with the Ungher-Sabatiers, she profited by their advice and further improved her artistic acquirements. She sang for several seasons during this period in Florence, as Bertha in *Le Prophète* and Sarah in *Essec*, with the most gratifying results, rousing the enthusiasm not only of the public but of the whole artistic world.

In 1867 she went to Strelitz, where the Grand Duchess soon discerned the dramatic artist in the young singer of soubrette parts, in which opinion she was confirmed after hearing her Marguerite in *Faust*, and her Leonora in the *Trovatore*. Her repertory included Rosina, Dinorah, *La Fille du Régiment*, *Sonnambula*, and Marguerite;

later followed Lucia, *Le Domino Noir*, Agatha, Adina, and Undine; then, after two years, Norma, Lucrezia, Valentine, both parts in *Robert le Diable* (which only Viardot had attempted before her), *L'Etoile du Nord*, Rigoletto, Favorita, Martha, Elvira in *Ernani*, Julius in *La Vestale*, Rezia in *Oberon*, Rachel (a splendid part) Violetta, her *chef d'œuvre* as an artistic performance, together with her Norma, and Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*. It will be seen that, while in the highly honourable situation which she held to the end of her days, she soon forsook the lighter operas for the heavier dramatic works, and, delightful as she was in the former, her ravishing talent was first really and properly appreciated in the latter, more especially in her Leonora, (*Il Trovatore*), her first impersonation. She was fascinating as Mrs Foot in *La Clochette de L'ermite*, by Maillard, and perfect as Donna Anna and Susanna. It would be difficult to give the preference to one rôle over all the others, for at every new creation of hers the impression remained that this was surely her masterpiece. She was inspired by every character she undertook; she threw her very soul into each of her parts; she knew how to enoble every one of them, and to portray them so vividly, that they became living and moving realities; and her lovely voice, so powerful and yet so soft, was always heard far above all others. Perhaps never have all these gifts been granted to one artist; the nobleness and charm of her presence in tragedy and comedy, the colouring, the clearness of enunciation, the deep feeling in every tone. An artist may be an accomplished singer or a perfect actor, but it will be long before the combination of the two talents in one person will occur again on the operatic stage.

Her elevated style in church music must also be mentioned. In the *Death of Jesus*, by Graun, she sang the passages and shakes in the Prophet's part with a matchless superiority; her ballad singing was equally attractive, and her own compositions were full of feeling. She never aimed at effect in anything; it was only the really beautiful she strove after and attained. That the friendly Residenz was fortunate enough to keep as its own for so many years such a rare and richly endowed artist, was due to the fact that at this Court she found not only a sphere congenial to her artistic longings, and in sympathy with her aspirations, but also the love and affection of the patroness who had appointed her to the exceptionally intimate position she held, and to whom she devoted her whole life.

She visited England three times during the last few years of her life, and delighted both the public and the Court, where she achieved many a glorious triumph. Especially was she successful at the Mozart Festival, at the Alexandra Palace, where she sang the Aria from the opera *Il Re Pastore*, and at a benefit concert she herself gave at Grosvenor House, on the 5th of June, 1875, which attracted the *élite* of all the artists and *dilettanti* in London, who were delighted with her performance; Benedict was charmed with her singing of his own "Ange Adoré," and Braga with her rendering of his Serenade.

In great public concerts, with the above exception, Georgina did not appear in the country, but in many private *soirées* she enchanted the friends of art, singing with Mario, Grisi, Trebelli, and Albini, whose high esteem she won. She sang for the last time at Strelitz on the 13th of December, 1878, twelve days before her death, in the part of Leonora. Modest as the violet, her favourite flower, she never pushed herself forward; a pure, refined nature, a rarely gifted woman, full of loving care to soften all misery and distress, a high minded colleague, she has every right to our lasting, loving remembrance as a true artist.

POOR POLLY.*

Polly was ill, poor Polly!
And the doctor said it was folly
To think that poor Polly so jolly
Who never had been melancholy
Could ever be sad;—poor Polly!

But, thanks to the doctor's advice,
Miss Polly got well in a trice,
And she said that "*he was so nice*;"
But she did not quite count on the price
She'd pay for her folly;—poor Polly!

The price that Miss Polly *did* pay
Was a "*Yes*," and the naming the *day*;
For the doctor would have an "*aye*"
For his fee, he said, come what may;
So Polly got cured;—poor Polly.

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X. T. R.

WAIFS.

Mr George Gear, the young pianist and composer, announces a concert at St George's Hall, for Tuesday next, the 25th inst., when he will be assisted by Mdme Edith Wynne, Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke, Messrs Barton McGuckin, Erba, Albert, and Oberthür. Mr Gear will perform works by Mendelssohn and Chopin, as well as his own pianoforte Sonata in G major. Three new songs of his composition will also be introduced—viz., "When night is gathering round," by Mdme Edith Wynne; "She is far from the land" (a setting of Moore's pathetic words), by Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke; and a ballad, "The White Rose," by Mr Barton McGuckin. So that a programme both varied and attractive is offered by the talented young musician to his friends and admirers.

Mdlle von Edelsberg is at present in Milan.

Mdme Annette Essipoff has made a great sensation at Milan.

Herr Ignaz Brüll has completed the score of a new opera, *Bianca*.

Herr Theodore Ratzenberger, Court Organist, died at Wiesbaden on the 8th inst.

The new ballet of *Paride*, by Sig. Borri, has not proved successful at the Scala.

A new opera, *Silvano*, by Sig. Carlo Graziani, will be produced next month at the Teatro Niccolini, Florence.

An opera on a Russian subject, with music by Mdlle Adaiewsky, is in preparation at the Russian Operahouse, St Petersburg.

The Society of German Musicians will this year hold its annual meeting at Wiesbaden from the 5th to the 8th July inclusive.

Lohengrin was played in New York, for the first time, on the 26th ult., by Mr Mapleson's company, with Etelka Gerster as Elsa.

The title of "Musikdirektor" has been conferred by the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin on Herr Fritz Fink, of Wismar.

The Friday evening receptions of Mrs Charles Eley, which began last week, promise to be as attractive and well attended as on former occasions.

A series of concerts will be given next month at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid, under the direction of M. Rivière, so well known in London.*

Eighteen thousand marks have been collected up to the present time towards the proposed Mendelssohn Monument in Leipsic. Not half enough for the purpose.

The young *prima donna*, Mdlle Emma di Riti, who made her *début* last season at Covent Garden Theatre, is now singing with great success at Brescia, where she sang the principal part (Maria) in the new opera, *Victoria Visani*.—*Grazer Morgenpost*.

In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail, but it is emblazoned in figures an inch long in the bright lexicon of the married man who has attempted to impress his wife with a sense of the beauty of another and younger woman. (*Old as the hills*.—D. B.)

The Brixton Choral Society announces a performance of Signor Randegger's *Fridolin* on Monday evening next. Mdme Worrell, Messrs Hutchinson, Tovey, and Gerard Coventry are to be the singers. Signor Randegger will preside at the pianoforte, and Mr William Lemare conduct.

The new East London Theatre, Whitechapel, was on Sunday night destroyed by fire. The flames were first discovered about a quarter to nine, and probably originated in the portion of the building where scenery is stored. In a short time the entire building was destroyed, together with a portion of the adjoining premises, before the fire engines obtained the mastery. The theatre has been closed for two weeks. Unlike the neighbouring theatre, the Pavilion, also belonging to Mr Morris Abrahams, the East London was not open on Sunday evening for Gospel services.

For perpetual versatility and refined humour there are probably few places of entertainment that present so pleasing an attraction as that with which Mr and Mrs German Reed have been associated for so many years. The latest edition to their repertoire of comedies, sketches, and vaudevilles is a piece by the Brothers Gilbert and Arthur a'Beckett, entitled *Grimstone Grange: a Tale of the Last Century*, which, though designated a vaudeville in three tableaux, partakes more of the character of an old-time melodrama. Its plot we cannot attempt to unravel; but some faint idea of the general drift of the piece may be gathered when we say that Mr Corney

Grain in his characteristic style impersonates a highwayman, with all the daring and none of the danger, and Mrs Reed an old French lady, compelled to defend herself and her lonely home with pistols from the attacks of marauders, whilst Mr Alfred Bishop disports himself as a pantomimist. Although presenting a marked contrast to the light dramatic sketches usually found upon Mrs German Reed's programme, the piece seems quite to hit the public taste, and on its first representation was received with vociferous applause. There is some capital music set to it by Mr King Hall, and Miss Edith Brandon received an encore for her graceful rendering of a pretty air, entitled "Know'st thou a sunny land?" Mr Corney Grain's sketch, *A Trip to Cairo*, satisfactorily concludes the entertainment.—D. L. R.

ROMANCE.*

(*For Music.*)

I.

I see afar the hills,
And the soft vale that lies between;
That vale is thine—thine its bright rills,
And all the enamour'd scene.

II.

There thy young true heart beat
Its first replying to my own.
How sweet the dell! and bloom how sweet!
Each had an Eden zone.

III.

In thought I roam away,
To the lone spirit which blooms for me;
Breathe in the sunshine of its day,
And constant dwell with thee.

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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—There was novelty as well as excellence at Saturday's concert. It began with a performance of Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, in which Mr Maans and his orchestra more than ever distinguished themselves. The novelty was an overture, entitled, *Guillem de Cabestanh, Troubadour*, by Mr C. Hubert H. Parry, a highly promising English musician, as amateurs are aware. What induced Mr Parry to select this in every sense repellent Provençal story for musical treatment it would be hard to say. Happily the overture may be listened to with interest, as a clever piece of work, the themes well marked, well contrasted and well developed, very melodious in its general outline and instrumented with judgment. Thus it may be listened to and followed out from beginning to end as a piece of abstract music worthy all attention. "G." the most ready and fascinating of analysts, declares that it does not aim at being a "programme overture," and yet, through his own ingenious description, makes it absolutely nothing less. He says that it is "in strict form;" but so is Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, so is Mendelssohn's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, so even Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*. We cannot but regard "programme overture" as a phrase only applicable to such things as Kotzwara's "Battle of Prague," or Boieldieu's orchestral prelude to *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, where the intention of scene after scene is verbally set down. Mr Parry may rest satisfied with having written an overture in which connoisseurs, as well as amateurs, may find something to praise. Thoughts of the immaculate Troubadour and the edifying incidents connected with his adventures can add nothing to the intrinsic charm of the music, such as it is. Another novelty, or rather *quasi*-novelty, was the performance by Miss Helen Hopekirk of a pianoforte Concerto by M. Saint-Saëns. The Concerto (in G minor) was noticed when performed, by the author himself, at a new Philharmonic Concert, and the impression that it is far more elaborate than interesting gains strength on closer acquaintance. For the way in which it was interpreted and its manifold technical difficulties surmounted by Miss Hopekirk, there is little or nothing but praise—praise well-merited, to judge by applause unstintingly bestowed. A more satisfactory *début* before an audience accustomed to artists of proved eminence could not have been desired by the lady's heartiest well-wishers. The singers were Mdme Sophie Löwe and Herr Henschel. Liszt's "Hungarian Storm March" served as voluntary to play the not unwilling audience out, and might have been heard at any distance.—*Graphic*.

* This news was forestalled a fortnight since in these columns.—D. B.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

F. PITMAN (Paternoster Row).—Grand Festival March, for the organ, by Ernest Charles Winchester, organist of Holy Trinity Church, Wimbledon.

WILLIAM REEVES (Fleet Street).—Frédéric Chopin; his Life, Letters, and Works, by Moritz Karasowski, translated by Emily Hill.

BIRTH.

On Thursday morning, March 20th, the wife of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Esq., of a son.

DEATHS.

On March 8th, at 26, Rue Veron, Paris, A. M. R. BARRET, late of 31, Gloucester Street, Regent's Park, for many years principal oboe at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden—aged 76.

On March 17th, at Salisbury, SARAH, the wife of WILLIAM PRICE AYLWARD, aged 74.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert of Saturday would have been interesting if only because it began with a fine performance by MM. Joachim, Ries, Strauss, Zerbini, and Piatti, of Mendelssohn's Second Quintet for stringed instruments. The Quintet, in B flat (one of the posthumous publications), opened the first "Monday" programme (Feb. 14, 1859), when the violins were MM. Wieniawski and Ries, the violas Mr Doyle and Mr Schreurs, the violoncello Signor Piatti—a Pole, a German, an Englishman, a Belgian, and an Italian. Now, at the 667th concert, the German and Italian artists were still at the posts they have held, with scarcely an intermission, since that memorable occasion which inaugurated an era for the popularization among us of the chamber works of those composers to whom the art in its most elevated sphere is specially indebted. The pianist on Saturday was again Mdlle Janotta, who joined Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in Schumann's F major Trio (Op. 80), and whose interpretation of Beethoven's famous "Waldstein" sonata, if she would give the simple quiet theme of the last movement, marked "*allegretto moderato*," a shade slower, so as to fit in with and accommodate the various phases through which it is made to pass, and thus endow the whole with a certain rhythmical consistency, might challenge criticism. Her first movement (*allegro con brio*) was irreproachable. The singer was Mdlle Kling, the accompanist Sir Julius Benedict, whose recent indisposition would seem to have taken from rather than added to his years. On Monday evening, besides one of the always fresh and welcome quartets by Haydn (of which Mr Arthur Chappell has been somewhat chary of late), the first of Beethoven's four remarkable trios for stringed instruments, which early in his career proclaimed him a worthy compeer of Mozart in this peculiar form, was admirably executed by Joachim, Strauss, and Piatti. If not quite equal to the great C minor (No. 4), the Trio in E flat is a match for either of its immediate followers, and is invariably heard with satisfaction by true amateurs. Miss Agnes Zimmermann played in brilliant style *a presto, pastoreale, and gigue* from the Harpsichord Lessons of Domenico Scarlatti, contemporary and admiring emulator of Handel, when that great master was in Italy. She also took the pianoforte part in three of the "Hungarian Dances" of Herr Brahms, which Herr Joachim, her associate, has arranged for piano and violin. These characteristic pieces never fail to please, and, though coming last in the programme, the second of the three had to be repeated. The vocalist, Mdlle Redeker, a favourite at St James's Hall, sang three *Lieder* by Schubert, the first of which, "Der Wanderer," was encored.

VIENNA.—Herr Carl Beck, a once popular tenor, and the first representative of Lohengrin, died here on the 4th inst., aged 65. He was originally assistant in a confectioner's, and it was Staudigl who first perceived his vocal capabilities and advised him to go on the stage. Beck made a very successful *début* at Prague. Five-and-twenty years ago he retired from the stage and opened a café in the above city. Being afterwards ruined, he obtained a place in the confectionery department of the Imperial household.

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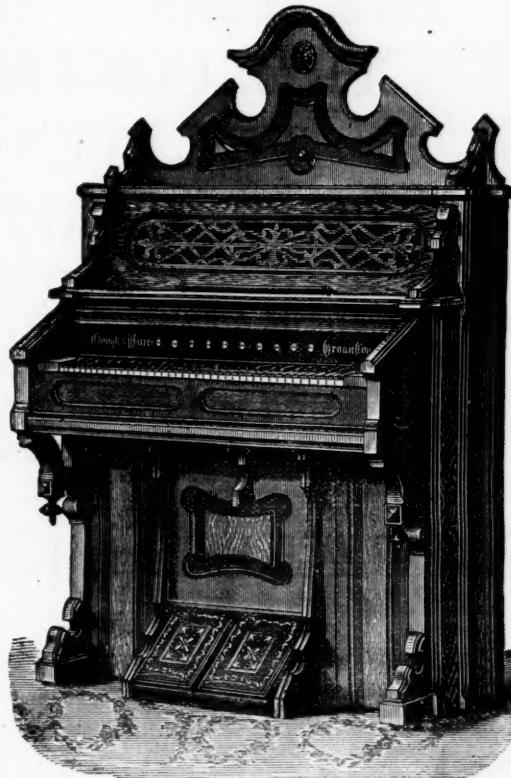
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